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Editorial.

IF religion is good anywhere, it is good everywhere. Any principle that is potent on Sunday must be applicable on Monday, else, it is a delusion and a snare, and whoever thinks otherwise tricks his own soul.

HIGHER by far than the power of accumulating, is the power of distributing. Hoarding is a capability which man holds in common with the bee, the ant and the squirrel; but distributing to the wants of others is a power which man is gradually acquiring and which makes him akin to the angels.

LIFE-HELPING love is more abundant than we think. The charities of the rich often blight, but the love of the poor to the poor, the kindly exchange between washerwomen, the fraternity between newsboys, the "thank you" and "if you please," the smile and the kiss, in the alley as on the avenue, these are the great agencies of humanity in the world to-day.

THE last hunger which we think of satisfying, is the hunger of the heart. Even yet, our charities are corporeal; they are nine points physi-

cal, one point spiritual. Our benevolences too often end where life must begin. To give bread and shelter is the meanest and smallest thing we can do for an unfortunate being. And the man who relieves his conscience and discharges his duty toward the unfortunate and the miserable by sending his check to the "Relief and Aid Society," will some day find that all that counts but little in the spiritual valuation of his life.

THE love of power man inherits from his far-off ancestors the lion, the bear and the bull, and much like these animals has he used his power. But that love which relinquishes power or forgets it, which makes one "as a little child," is a rare and recent acquirement of man. The minstrel of old sought nothing so much as the favor of the king; the bard that with his lyre could win a court position, reached the most coveted goal, and there he sang of royalty and celebrated the triumphs of the battle-field. Thus he won and wore his laurels. But a more difficult task does modern poet accept when it sings:

"And I for one would much rather,
Could I merit so sweet a thing,
Be the poet of little children
Than the laureate of a king."

AMONG one of the most important of the congresses to be held next year under the auspices of the Columbian Auxiliary will be the profit sharing congress. In the week beginning August 28, with such men as Col. Wright, Pres. Walker, Mr. Nelson, and Mr. Houghton, Dr. Hale, Rev. W. Gladstone, Principal Grant of Queen's College, Kingston, Ont., Pres. Schurman of Cornell University, and N. P. Gilman, author of the best book on this subject, there is to be expected one of the best meetings in the series. It is not beyond the possibilities that George Jacob Holyoake may be here, although this veteran is now in the 80th year of his age. In this case, as in many others, the attendance upon these congresses by people from abroad has a financial phase to it. We wish some man or men of means could make it possible to bring to these congresses the most commanding voices from all parts of the world.

THE world is too full of politic priests and selfish salvation seekers. Its pressing need is more single-minded, single-eyed advocates of sincerity, prophets of duty, girders of the human will, devotees of conscience. Toward such the evolution of the race is tending, but they will be men who will take religious counsel of their hearts as well as of their heads. They will be prophets of human, they will preach the humanitarian gospel in some high and noble fashion. They will come down from their steeples to the bosom of the Mother Earth; they will come out of the dingy chapels, the churches where one may not stand erect with open arms, and welcome all of their human kin, into that great church of nature, the holy Out-of-Doors, where they will find the claims of religion imperative, commanding the "all or nothing" of their lives. Let us dedicate ourselves again to this gospel of loyalty, this church of God in the human heart, this faith that lifts humanity up into divinity.

In the debit and credit of life, those things that are born of love, that make sunshine, must carry highest values, because they have been developed so slowly and painfully in the history of the world. Alexander and Hannibal, Bonaparte and Bismarck, have tramped across the stage of life with heels of iron, sending terror into the hearts of multitudes, chilling homes and killing kindness. But their names fade on the glory-roll alongside those of John Howard, Samuel J. Howe, John Brown, Dorothea Dix and Clara Barton, although these did but befriend the prisoner in his cell, the blind, the insane, the enslaved and the wounded. Pity is the latest and highest born child of the human heart.

THE last thing heard from, in the way of an embryonic church is from Waitsburgh, way out in the State of Washington. An old friend and Meadville student, D. G. Ingraham, writes: "We have a 'Cottage Unity' which meets Thursday evenings at our homes, as its name indicates, more enthusiastic than numerous, perhaps. Our program is much the same each evening, the reading aloud of some discourse from liberal papers and magazines with perfectly free discussion at any moment. From week to week we can feel our growth. We are a sort of democratic body, we have not even a chairman or secretary, though I was chosen correspondent to seek suitable literature. We get along nicely without any other organization. Criticism is invited from visiting friends. Suggestions are always welcome and we enjoy ourselves immensely. We are looking forward to the World's Congress of Religions, hoping that the striking together of so many flints will kindle a flame never known before in religious history." *UNITY* sends greetings to this Cottage group, and recognizes it as one more indication that the coming Free Church of America is on its way here. It is the church that Emerson and Parker and Channing prophesied. For this they gave their lives. It is the fruition of the highest dream of Unitarianism for the last Century.

THE Judson Memorial Baptist Church, one of the new and hopeful kind, "an institutional church," was dedicated recently in New York City. The pastor, Rev. Edward Judson, has the missionary spirit in his blood and gave up a most successful work in Orange, N. J., to work among the down-town people of the city. This church is designed not so much for the very poor as for the floating class that are neither very poor nor altogether comfortable. All seats are free and the expenses are met by voluntary offerings. The pile of buildings includes besides the church proper a Lecture-room, Kindergarten, Children's Asylum, Industrial School for Girls, Dressmaking establishment, Young Men's Room and Gymnasium and an Apartment house which yields an annual income of \$10,000.

Dr. Judson, by his faith and perseverance, has conquered apparently insurmountable difficulties. At the dedication services which occupied a whole week there were among the speakers: Revs. Henry C. Mabie, Lyman Abbott, Chas. H. Parkhurst,

John Hall and others of the clergy and laity. The broad fellowship indicated by the various denominations represented in the dedicatory exercises has not gone unchallenged, but let us trust that this comment which we find in the *Christian Union* will meet with the fullest sympathy from all who love mankind more than sect.

The narrowness is not all in any one church; while some High Churchmen are criticising Bishop Potter for consenting to speak in the Judson Memorial Church in this city, the *American Baptist* pounces upon Dr. Judson for inviting outsiders (who have not been duly baptized) to be present on such an occasion, and asks, "Where are the Baptists of our great cities drifting?" They are drifting, in company with a great host of men and women of all churches, away from ecclesiasticism and towards Christianity.

Winter Campaigning.

Not even the railroad, with all its modern improvements, has been able to wholly disarm the terrors of the blizzard or to overcome the obstructions of the snow-drift. These obstructions interpose themselves in the progress of thoughts as well as things. They interfere with the commerce of words as they do with the commerce of pork and wheat. We are living through a winter of big snows, and of low temperature. The Senior editor of *UNITY* has had his usual encounters with these obstacles and still survives to tell the tale. The experiences of the lecturer in these winter days are such as are not to be recorded but they all add to the variety and scope of the complex life which this bustling age makes possible.

How many are the contingencies which we escape. How numerous are the chances of unfortunate happenings that never happen. Such reflections came to mind a few weeks ago while taking a ten-mile sleigh-ride through heavy falling snows, before daylight, that we might catch the early train, for *UNITY*'s sake. After gathering ourselves from out of the snowdrift into which we had been unexpectedly landed by a shying horse, and once more adjusting ourselves beneath the robes, the driver quietly remarked,—"This horse has a knack of running away whenever he can get a chance, but he did n't get away this time, did he?" It is because he did not get away, perhaps, that *UNITY* goes on. A little later the editor was called to a little town in the center of Illinois where never before the voice of a Liberal minister had been heard, to speak on "Four Hundred Years of America." A few young men, members of one of the modern devices to supply the deficiency of the conventional church, known as "The Modern Woodmen," had taken the intellectual needs of the little village to heart and had projected a course of lectures. The Methodist church of the place lent their building; the United Brethren's minister introduced the speaker, and through the sleet and slush a large proportion of the residents of the little town, with a sprinkling from the farms around, came to listen. Next morning a ride of thirteen miles before daylight, over a glare of ice, with the thermometer way below zero, brought the lecturer to a fireless

station house to meet the consoling information that the train, to meet which this frantic dive into the darkness was made, was three hours late. This left the editor more time to cogitate over the question "How far away is the Free Church of America?"

But we meant to tell at this time only of our annual wrestling with the snowdrifts of Iowa. Tuesday the 7th was a bitter cold day, so cold that the six o'clock evening train for Sioux City was nearly an hour late in getting out of the yards. But in the face of the biting storm it started, and, through the night the tireless engine and the vigilant attendants breasted the storm. Frequently stopped but never discouraged, we reached Sioux City five hours late to find this best pastored Liberal church in the west getting ready to kill three birds with one stone that night, viz.: a Valentine Fair, where the young people had provided home-made and hand-made missives suitable to the season, for the use of the parish; 2, the monthly parish supper, which, despite the weather, was largely attended and the big family sat down to eat a hearty supper at supper time; and 3, lastly, to listen to a lecture by ye editor on "How I Went to the Centennial, and How I am Going to the World's Fair." Next morning we started for Cherokee with the railroad atmosphere panicky, the air full of snowflakes and rumors of belated trains and approaching storms. We were glad of this chance to touch elbows with this young movement towards an Unity church which as yet has made no mistake. How could it, with the prudent, skillful and wise Miss Safford to guide it? Here is a place where the Sunday Circle service is a success. With a visiting minister once a month, and lay services three times a month this little band has been steadily moving towards the consciousness of a common cause. They have been learning how to manage a Sunday-school, they have secured a lot upon which they have paid \$1,200, and the lot is in the way of earning the remaining \$700 necessary to secure a clear title, and they are now brooding over the problem of the little chapel that is to be built at the minimum outlay, and with no debt. Doubtless triumph awaits them, and a triumph on their part will be encouragement and guide to many other societies to go and do likewise. While the lecturer was making the acquaintance of the men and the movement, the weather was abroad doing its work, and by the time we got to the opera house the gas had taken a chill. It is said there was an audience there, but the lecturer could not see it, they could see him as he "Went to the Centennial" again by the light of an improvised hand-lamp found among the "properties" in the basement.

The lecture was given full length on faith, and then the lecturer hastened to the station for the home-bound train which came along late, and then it was a "made up" train without a sleeper. The intercepted coaches were entangled in the drift somewhere down the line. About one o'clock in the morning we reached a sleeping car, and, although all the railroad lines in Iowa were demoralized, we reached Chicago via the Illinois Central only three hours late, having traveled 1,034 miles, lectured twice and partaken of the cup of fellowship with old and new friends in seventy hours. Verily the possibilities are great in this age for some startling work to be done for the religion of love and knowledge. Of all the missionaries in this cause no one is more willing and efficient than that science through whose vigilance and diligence these strange things are made possible.

The Ethics of Quotation.

I was lately present at one of the literary clubs in the city where the topic of discussion was the latest work of Henry George, "A Perplexed Philosopher." The book was written in confutation of the views on the land tenure question presented in Herbert's Spencer's "Justice," which are, by Mr. George and his followers, thought to deny those laid down in an earlier work, "Social Statics." On the title-page of his book Mr. George publishes a long extract from Browning's "Lost Leader." The leader of the club read the passage, and showed how only that part of the poem had been here used which suited the author's recriminative purposes. Every student of Browning is familiar with the circumstances and real motive which underlay the writing of this poem, written far more in grief than in anger, though some of the lines express severe reproach and disappointment. No just conception of this poem can be reached except upon reading the whole. To quote either the introductory and middle parts, as Mr. George did, or to quote only the closing lines, which he left out entirely, is to give to the mind which has no other knowledge of the poem a very erroneous impression. All that the poem expresses of love deeply hurt and disappointed, of patriotic trust checked and overthrown, all the bitterness and resentment, are used to apply to what the author of "A Perplexed Philosopher" thinks a case in kind. All that the younger poet had to say of the older in condonation of his own severity, in testimony of his continued faith and loyalty, is left out. The mental integrity of such a course is worth reflecting upon, and the case is one which renewed in my own mind the question defined in the above caption, respecting the ethics of quotation in general.

The practice of quotation among writers or public speakers is one to be carefully studied from different points of view. There are many ways in which justice and a nice sense of personal honor may be violated. When we make use of a striking passage from some renowned source, our object presumably is to piece out our own failing knowledge or powers of expression with the stronger thought or phrase of another. The practice is entirely legitimate provided it is kept within due bounds and regulated after those methods of common honesty which mark our use of other peoples' property of more material kind. We should make it very evident that we have only a borrower's, not an actual owner's, rights; and we are to do our borrowing in a way that reflects no discredit on the one lending, that does not tend to misrepresent the real nature and extent of his possessions. There are ways of quoting which are as mean and underhanded as picking a man's pocket in the dark.

Even if Mr. George had an entire right to select such lines from Mr. Browning's poem as he thought applied to Mr. Spencer's changed position, the question is not one that ends there. It is Mr. Browning who is most wronged. A half truth may have all the evil effects of a lie, and it is but the half truth that is here told of the poet. We may lay it down as a general rule that we have no right to quote any writer unless we are familiar with his general aim and spirit, or if we do, we should make it evident that we speak from partial knowledge only. For example if I have no first-hand knowledge of Seneca or Epictetus, (I do not mean knowledge in the original tongue) but if I do not know enough of these writers to understand their relative place and merit in the world of thought, I cannot quote from them intelligently. If I choose to

strengthen an argument or ornament a paragraph with some brilliant passage from their pages, gathered accidentally from a quotation book or a newspaper column, I do so at considerable risk, since I know nothing of the context or circumstances of the writing, which may make the passage thus employed as incongruous as a patch of silk on a calico gown. Take an example in the concrete, from George Eliot's Armgart. The lesson which the author here teaches is very plain, yet it is possible in the wild rebellious sayings which escape Armgart in the first discovery of her great loss which seems to cheat her of every promise of a happy and useful life, to select passages that directly deny this motive. The changed destiny to which she must submit gives rise at first only to a spirit of deep and angry revolt.

"An inborn passion gives a rebel's right."

Now suppose some one seeking to excuse a course of proud self-will, and seeking sanction from some high source, should quote these words. Could such an action be properly characterized save as one of spiritual knavery and theft, unless indeed we choose another horn of the dilemma, and conclude that sheer ignorance prompted it.

When the little, lame Walpurga answers her friend, and the fond, worshipping satellite turns judge and accuser, she strikes the keynote of the poem and reiterates the principle that underlies all this writer's work:

"Where is the rebel's right for you alone?
Noble rebellion lifts a common load."

This passage might be used safely by one who did or did not know the writer, but though safely, not wisely or even honestly, since all quotation implies a far larger knowledge than of itself alone. I do not mean one may never use a stray quotation, but when this is done it should be in a way that guards against accidents on the user's part and possible injustice towards the author quoted. If in reading an essay of John Fiske, I come across a passage from more recondite source, Abelard or Aquinas or one of the church fathers, I am bound either to verify the passage before making use of it on my own behalf or to state the second-hand manner in which I received it. A mere school-girl may give her "composition" an air of remarkable learning if she is allowed to heap up stolen goods by violating this rule. The essay intended for public reading offers its own peculiar temptations in this respect. Many an apt and telling phrase may be employed, with all the honest intent which appears in the inverted commas marking their foreign source, yet without the mention of authors' names supplying all this force and eloquence, they may be made to appear the copyist's own.

The ear as well as the eye is to be consulted in the settlement of our ethical problem here. The chances for dishonest practice that lie in indirect quotation are even more numerous, but a tolerably educated conscience ought to be able to discover them. The habit of quotation is not to be condemned until it becomes a habit; when it has, the cause is usually found in intellectual laziness. It is so much easier to finish our thought in the hardly-won words of another than labor on to find words of our own. A young writer should avoid frequent quotation, if for only this reason, to compel himself to the disciplinary task of finding suitable expression of his own for his thought. The practice of constant borrowing may become as easily confirmed here as elsewhere. Too much quotation not only weakens the power of expression but of thought.

We need not, however, go to the other extreme and avoid all quotation,

since no mind is so wise or brilliant that we wish to follow its lead continually; on the contrary we like the short mental *detours* supplied in a borrowed text or aphorism. An apt quotation may do much to strengthen the preacher's argument and elucidate the scholar's theme. The best quotation is that which shows closest spiritual kinship between the mind supplying it and that employing it. We have the same right to lean on a friend in our chosen guides of thought as in the human sense. Emerson has many excellent things on this subject in his essay on "Quotations and Originality," which but for the charge of inconsistency I should like to make use of. He first commends then deplores the quoting habit; repeating Burke's words: "He that borrows the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own, he that uses a superior elevates his own to the stature of that which he contemplates." Very flattering if true, but the combined testimony of a Burke and an Emerson may make us hesitate to subscribe to it. Later on a truer note is struck in the query as to whether "all literature is eavesdropping, all art Chinese imitation." He speaks of those who "quote the sunset and star, but do not make them theirs;" and gives us the right rule when he says that quotation is good which is like a wagon going our way, "but if I like the gay equipage so well as to go out of my road I had better have gone afoot." This sums up the question both on the side of ethics and taste. The thing we need is already ours by that right of need which rules all giving and taking. But if we deck our poorer speech with too rich or too numerous ornaments from another source, without due observance of the laws of assimilation, we shall appear like the poor little daw in the story, covered with the peacock's plumes; a disguise which deceives no one and excites pity and ridicule rather than applause.

C. P. W.

Men and Things.

LABRADOR, a country which we always associate with arctic snowdrifts, icebergs, etc., has 900 species of flowering plants, 59 ferns, and over 250 species of mosses and lichens.

THIS is the way Western progress looks to Eastern eyes. How far is the Boston *Transcript* right in this matter? "Yes, stranger," said the native of the aspiring Western village, "five years ago this hull place were a wilderness—nothin' but perarie grass and red Injuns. Now, stranger, there are twenty men in that jail over yonder, and forty more in the poorhus. It's a growin', stranger."

THE Medical Age is authority for the statement that the apple is a most valuable food adapted to the renewal of the essential nervous matter—lethithin—of the brain and spinal cord. Also that the apple is of signal use to persons of sedentary habit. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by the eating of meat. Fresh fruits as the apple, pear and plum when taken ripe without sugar diminish acidity of the stomach rather than provoke it.

We would like to believe that the following item which is going the rounds of the newspapers is authentic. Will any of our scientific readers undertake to verify it and let us know the result? "During the season of 1889 a most remarkable crop of corn was raised by David Drew at Plymouth, N. H. In 1888 Mr. Drew came into possession of some corn grains found wrapped in the cloth which incased an Egyptian mummy supposed to be at least 4,000 years old. These grains were planted, and, strange to say, grew. The plant had many of the characteristics of real corn or maize. The leaves were alternate, it grew to be over six feet high, the mid-ribs were nearly white, but as to the product of the stalk there is where the curious part of the story lies: Instead of growing in an ear, like modern maize, it hung in heavy clusters at the top on spikelets. There was no tassel and no silks, each sprig or spikelet was thickly studded with real corn grains, each of which were provided with a separate husk, like wheat grains."

Contributed and Selected.

Love's Victory.

I fear no frown of God,
No fire of hell;
Sea, sky, and verdant sod
Love's story tell;

This goodness full and free,
Heart-fear devours;
It comes and bides with me,
As light in flowers;

I, in my little place,
Securely stand;
With joy I see His face,
And touch His hand!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

WHITMAN, MASS.

A Dream.

There are times when a dream delicious
Steals into a musing hour.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

What are these dreams which come to us like benedictions? Are they visitations from the loved one whose life has already taken on the thoughts of eternity, and for whom Time is no more? or are they higher phases of our earthly thoughts, which, clarified by sleep, grow strangely resplendent? For me the shining road to heaven took on a new glory, on a night when the moon seemed to sail in a mellow path of her own, and the stars were most clearly large.

I was lying late, watching through the trees the peaceful melancholy of night deepen as the evening grew older, and recalling, not mournfully, but with a sad joy, the sweet memories connected with one who had passed to the "Summerland," while those who loved him were yet unwilling to see him depart, and would selfishly recall him. He who with his brave, bright soul, tender magnetic nature and sparkling wit, had made himself necessary to all.

The swaying of the hammock rocked by the warm wind was magical, and to my closing eyes, the rays of the moon made a long, radiant pathway to the earth, down which came a luminous presence—the same whom we loved here on earth, yet not the same—diviner, nobler, with the tenderness of earth deepened to the tenderness of heaven; the grave sweetness of whose dark eyes was yet sweeter but with a strengthened meaning, which earth could not give.

He came swiftly, with his old, glad, swinging walk, and with the old magic of his presence intensified, as if of the spiritual elixir he had indeed quaffed.

"Come," he said, and my soul gathered itself to follow, and we walked together, not back as he came through the shining road, but in old familiar places where we all had walked as children, through country lanes bordered with apple-laden trees, pausing by brooks where ferns swayed a welcome to us and wild harebells rang out a greeting, listening to the piping of the quail, which had so often excited his huntsman's skill in the olden days, and drinking in the indescribable rapture of the woods.

As we glanced backward over the path journeyed, the fields glanced white with immortelles—that flower, which, while it suggests undying life, suggests too, a type of sadness, and mingling with the brilliant hues of the goldenrod and purple astor, seemed to typify the contrast which intervened between the gay life of our past, before the earthly separation, and the quiet days which came after, and as we walked we talked of all the past—of the friends—of the mother dearer than life—with a look of heavenly tenderness upon his face he spoke of her.

"My mother feels, I know, that premature death is painful and unnatural; that it is a tangible lessening of the forces against evil when youth strong in its resources is taken, but the dear mother sees more clearly

every year of her earthly life how the life of Heaven is only a continuation of the upward struggle on earth; 'To rise,' is the motto of Heaven as it should be that of earth."

Much did he say, and I felt with shrinking that the time drew near for my departure. With lingering looks I turned to leave, when I seemed enveloped in such an effulgence of color that for a time my senses were absorbed in the glory—the colors the dawn carried for us when we gazed with childhood's eyes,—the hues of the first spring flowers, and the Oriental brilliancy of tropical birds—how could it be described—but as it slowly passed I was conscious of a greater loss, and, turning, saw that he was gone; but round about where he had stood were innumerable flowers, and they sprang up as I gazed, each flower seeming to bring with it the associations of the past, and blooming though their season had long since departed. The daffodil, with its yellow head, was freighted with memories of the dear old home, where it had flaunted its cheerful color and perfume on the air for countless seasons, and the brier-rose, as I stooped to pluck it, spoke of the old school-house where it had shyly thrust its dainty beauty against the battered fence, and besought with its pink blushes the pity of the ruthless scholars; they all had voices, and as my steps retraced the way over which we had come together, they still unfolded before me, rebuking my sorrow with tender looks, and suggested memories, and I heard that beloved voice once more, and it spoke with a more Heavenly cadence than before:

"The flowers will bloom for you only while you keep your thoughts free from earthly guile," and with these words I awoke, with the moon still coldly beaming on me, and the stars shaking their tremulous lights abroad, but my dream flowers had vanished, and with them my dream.

The New Protestantism.

Unitarianism is the New Protestantism. It is a moral protest against vicarious righteousness, a mental protest against the contradictory symbol of a Triune God, a spiritual protest against an outward salvation.

It is a reform within Christianity, not a revolt from Christianity. It appeals from the popular emphasis of the church upon Christ's sacrifice, to self-sacrifice in Christ's likeness. It appeals from the intellectual confusion of the post-apostolic doctrine of the trinity to the apostolic doctrine of "one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him." It appeals from a church establishment, in which men exercise lordship, one over others, to a Christian brotherhood in which he is greatest who most serves. As Luther made his appeal from the Church of Rome to "Christ and his word," so Channing turned from the Church of Geneva to Christ and his spirit. The old Protestantism delivered men from papal authority. The new Protestantism frees men from Biblical domination. As Luther preached justification by faith, in opposition to justification by works of penance, so Channing preached justification by working faith in opposition to faith without works. The earlier Reformation assailed primarily errors of practice in the church. The later Reformation attacks errors of thought. Luther flung off the Pope but kept the devil. Channing deposed both. Luther taught transubstantiation. Channing found his communion with Jesus in oneness of spirit and life with him. The old Reformation emphasized the sovereignty of God; the new, his Fatherhood. The reformed church of Luther led men to believe that there be few that be

saved. The reformed church of Channing declares that there be none eternally damned. The basis of Lutheran theology was a fallen man. The inspiration of Channing's faith is a rising humanity. The old Protestantism clung to infallibility. The new is content with probability. Based on a supposed infallible word, the first Reformation was arbitrary in temper, dogmatic in form and intolerant in practice. The second Reformation is gentle, inquiring, patient of indifference, and teachable that it may learn to teach.

The old Protestantism was a falling back on the recorded word of God; the new is a going forward in His present spirit. The first Reformation subordinated church to book; the second submits both church and book to their common source, the God-illuminated Reason. The Reformation of the sixteenth century was violent, warlike, perilous. The Reformation of the nineteenth century is noiseless, peaceful, safe.—Rev. Geo. L. Chaney, in *Southern Unitarian*.

Hymn.

Written for the Dedication of the Unitarian Church, Rutherford, N. J.

'Tis not in vain, in any lands,
That temples rise, O Lord, to Thee;
If each for truth and freedom stands,
For loving hearts and helping hands,
The service of sincerity.

'Tis not in vain, Religion's part,
In linking men in brotherhood;
For God speaks low in every heart,
For love to him, whence all loves start;
And love for man is love for God.

Yet know that God to mortal sight
Is not alone in temples near;
He goes wherever goes the right,
Whenever men face toward the light,
And puts his sunbeams in each tear.

So here, this church we dedicate
To aspiration's noblest prayer;
That man on high ideals may wait,
And seeking God within its gate,
May haply find him everywhere.
—Edward J. Luce.

BEFORE Jesus womanhood became more tender and pure, childhood more loving, tender and sweet. At his look men cast away their fondly cherished evils as one might an unclean garment, and climbed the lofty heights of altruism, and met with death as the bridegroom meets the bride. He led men up from the hell of selfishness within themselves to heart-union with the Father. He transmitted the sacred fire of his own life to the afflicted who gathered around him and to withered limbs came strength; to burdened hearts relief.

But when all is said it still remains that we live in the present, in the now, not in the past. What does it avail us to know that in the mid-winter of human history God once spoke directly to the soul, if we do not believe in a divine voice uttering itself in humanity now and forever. We must not elevate one man at the expense of all other men. We must not fail to recognize the present voice of God. If we believe that he once spoke to man and does not now, endlessly should we deplore that we had not been born in those old days; for we, to, are his children; we, too, have this heart-hunger after God. We also must commune with him or fail of spiritual life.—E. M. Wheelock.

Children's Faces.

Why children's faces charm us so,
No one of us can fully know,
Unto our souls from far they bring
An ever constant communing
With life divine our life the source,
And love the all-uplifting force.
They greet the present glad and free;
They fearless front the Yet-to-Be,
Assured the promises they bear
Will neet fulfillment rich and rare,
Yet none of us can fully know
Why children's faces charm us so.

CHARITY DYE.

An Indian Outbreak

is a dreadful thing—undoubtedly caused by the irritating effects of dirt.

Outbreaks, and crime generally, are never possible among people who are addicted to the use of

KIRK'S AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP

The great soother of angry passions—the promoter of health and good-feeling. Cleans everything—injures nothing—don't be afraid to use KIRK'S Soap on the most delicate fabrics.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.
Dusky Diamond Tar Soap A Superb Complexion Soap.

UNITY BUILDING.

For World's Fair Visitors.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The committee having in charge Unity Building for the accommodation of Unitarians and their friends announce that the demand for rooms is very large and our somewhat limited space will probably be all called for under our commutation offer, which runs out March 1, viz.: Single beds (two or more in room) five nights \$7.00 Double beds (each person) five nights 6.00

On account of delays in printing, correspondence at long distances, etc., we feel that we have only done what was fair in securing the following arrangements.

To those who have opened correspondence and have negotiations pending with the committee on or before March 1, the time for the actual filing of application and payment of money for commutation tickets will be extended to April 1, giving sufficient time to close arrangements already begun.

To those applying to us after March 1, we will issue similar tickets at an increased price which will be given in our advertisement in next week's UNITY.

The holders of such tickets will be accommodated at Unity Building as far as is consistent with the comfort of all and we are fortunate in having arranged for our overflow in a very attractive building, within a short distance and under, practically, the same ownership and management, where our tickets will be honored and our guests well cared for.

For circulars or other information address either of the undersigned:

MRS. R. HOWARD KELLY, Chairman, 1018 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago.

MISS A. A. OGDEN, Room 24, Custom House, Chicago.

MRS. M. H. LACKERSTEEN, 5038 Washington avenue, Chicago.

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Church Poor Pulpit.

Concerning the Epithet "Christ."

Words currently used tend to become things; and the habitual perversion of words from their proper meaning may cause serious practical evil, or delay and perhaps frustrate a needed work of reform.

Ever since the crucifixion and disappearance of Jesus, those who claim to be his followers have bestowed upon him the title of "Christ," and have even employed that word as a name for him, using it as if synonymous with the name given him by his parents.

The Christ imagined and predicted by the Hebrew prophets was to be a son of David, whose chief function was to be a ruler in Palestine; but, strange to say, those who now call Jesus the Christ affirm him to be a "begotten" son of God, whose chief function is to be a mediator between God and men. They claim as a fact something doubly opposite to the thing predicted, and at the same time declare it a fulfillment of the prediction. This confusion of ideas among vast numbers of pious and well-meaning men seems to justify the statement that the human mind is hospitable, and will entertain with much impartiality ideas which directly contradict each other. These things being so, it may be useful to inquire what is the true meaning and what the appropriate use of the word in question.

Professor Huxley, (in the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1892), speaks of "religious systems which, by the time they have passed into the hands of the third generation of the faithful, have executed a *volte-face* and rejected some of the cardinal teachings of their founder, while retaining the name adopted by their predecessors." Of the persons who do this he says that "they really have no right to retain the use of a name the proper and primitive significance of which they utterly repudiate." (p. 561.)

Even if we admit the last statement above quoted from Professor Huxley to represent a general rule, there may be found, no doubt, exceptions to it, as to other general rules. But it seems to me that in one case of which I am about to speak, the general rule holds good, and that men cannot fairly retain the use of a name the proper and primitive significance of which they utterly repudiate.

The epithet "Christ" had a certain proper and primitive significance. It originated among the Hebrew people seven hundred years (more or less) before the beginning of the era called Christian. The three "major prophets" of the Old Testament had such absolute confidence in the continuance and success of Jehovah's protecting care of "His chosen people," and his faithfulness to the covenant made with "His servant David" that each of them confidently announced a glorious and triumphant future for the nation which was then small, weak and suffering under oppression. That nation, they declared, should not only be delivered but exalted to predominance among the kingdoms of the earth. A descendant of King David should hold, as he did, the position of "the Lord's Anointed," should sit on the throne of David, should recall the Hebrew people from the many lands through which they had been scattered, should reunite them in Palestine, and not only rule over them there in peace and righteousness, but should see all other nations petitioning to unite with them and share their prosperity.

The title of this expected Ruler and Deliverer was in Hebrew the Messiah and in Greek the Christ.

Have these confident predictions, or any of them, been fulfilled? Has any such Davidic King accomplished what was asserted of him by Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel? On the contrary, the children of Israel are now more dispersed than ever, and continue to be persecuted in all the lands to which they have fled for shelter. No descendant of David is known to exist, and the large and increasing class called Reformed Jews are said no longer to expect a Messiah. The predictions above referred to remain unfulfilled prophesies.

The Gospel narratives show us that this proper and primitive meaning of the epithet "Christ" was understood in the same sense and only in that sense, in the time of Jesus.

The wise men from the east came to Jerusalem to find one who was born *King of the Jews*. The chief priests declared to Herod that Bethlehem was the appointed birth-place of the Christ because a prophet had foretold that out of it should come a *Governor to rule* the people of Israel. James and John, the sons of Zebedee, sought to secure for themselves the chief offices when their Master should assume the Kingdom. Nathanael, on being introduced to Jesus as the Christ, expressed his belief in him by saying, "Thou art the King of Israel." When the disciples wondered if the Kingdom of God should immediately appear, what can this mean but that they expected the Christ to assume regal authority, and wondered at his delay to do so. When Jesus spoke of *manifesting* himself to those who kept his commandments, one of them asked in amazement, how a King could manifest himself to private individuals, and not to the mass of his subjects. The inscription on the cross explaining the crime for which that punishment was inflicted was, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Finally, one of the crucified thieves is said to have petitioned Jesus, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom."

Since the idea of the Christ as a King of Israel, a ruler such as David was, originated with the Hebrew prophets, and since it was understood thus and not otherwise by the whole Jewish people up to the time of Jesus, and then equally by his disciples and his opponents, it seems to me that the word "Christ" has a right to that signification, and that it is a perversion of language to pretend that "King" meant and was intended to mean, either Teacher (as Jesus undoubtedly was) or Mediator (as both Catholics and Protestants assume him to be).

Jesus was crucified for claiming, or being thought to claim, the title and office of King of the Jews. But the absence of any writing, autobiographical or other, left by Jesus, and the questionableness of very much of the sayings and doings attributed to him in the four Gospels, make the fact of such claim on his part very doubtful; while on the other hand it is certain that he never exercised the regal authority in question. Indeed, his reply to one who appealed to him for arbitration is said to have been: "Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?" Whereas the true Christ was to be expressly appointed by Jehovah as ruler and judge over the whole nation.

As to the prophet Jeremiah, his belief and expectation of a *literal* fulfillment of his Messianic prophecy are made certain by his coupling with it a prediction of the permanence and perpetuity of the temple at Jerusalem and of the sacrificial temple service. This is what he says:

"Thus saith the Lord, David shall never want a man to sit upon the throne of the house of Israel. Neither shall the priests, the Levites, want a

man before me to offer burnt offerings and to burn oblations, and to do sacrifice continually. And the word of the Lord came unto Jeremiah, saying, Thus saith the Lord, If ye can break my covenant of the day and my covenant of the night, so that there shall not be day and night in their season, then may also my covenant be broken with David my servant, that he should not have a son to reign upon his throne; and with the Levites the priests, my ministers." (33:17-21.)

The distinctness of this double promise and prophecy, and the emphasis laid upon both by repetition, make it clear that Jeremiah expected not only a literal reigning of Messiah in Palestine, but a permanent continuance of the temple with its daily burnt offerings, and those other sacrificial rites which the priests and Levites were accustomed to perform. Jeremiah had no idea that the Christ whom he depicted as the son of David, sitting on David's throne, and whose chief function was that of ruler, would be transformed into a "begotten" son of God, who never was a king, who died without accomplishing any of the other things which he predicted of the Messiah, and whose chief function was that of Mediator and intercessor. Both the predictions above quoted, that concerning the king and that concerning the priests, are specimens of prophecies not only unfulfilled, but proved utterly erroneous by the course of events following them.

It has been said by Christian apologists that Kingship over the Jews was exercised by Jesus not in a literal but in a spiritual sense. But facts contradict this hypothesis not less than the other. The Jews have never accepted Jesus as King or Lord in any way whatever; and the claim of Messiahship made for him by Christians is rejected by the present race of Jews as thoroughly as it was by the priests and scribes who procured his crucifixion.

The disciples of Jesus, we are told, were called Christians first at Antioch. The scoffers at Antioch no doubt pointed the finger of scorn at those disciples, calling them "those Christ-friends;" those fanatics who really believe that crucified Jesus to be the Christ of Hebrew prophecy, and so the King of Israel. However wrong the people of Antioch were in scoffing, the word by which they described the disciples was a correct and appropriate one. Christians are and always have been "the Christ-people," those who accept Jesus as the Christ.

The question whether Jesus of Nazareth was or was not that King of the Jews whose triumphant reign was predicted by Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel is a historical question, to be decided by comparison of those predictions with such facts regarding the life of Jesus as we can gather from the gospel narratives. To compare or contrast these two, and decide affirmatively or negatively according to the evidence, is the only way to reach a just conclusion. Assumption, however confident, in advance of such scrutiny, is of no avail. But the examination of evidence and the conclusion drawn from it are intellectual processes, involving no moral character.

A villain knows as surely as a pious man that two and two make four. A vicious judge may make decisions strictly in accordance with law. A man may sift evidence and form a correct intellectual conclusion even on theological or religious matters without being made better by his conclusion or even attempting to lead a life in conformity with it. In every country called Christian the religious and theological education of the people has been such that they accept what is taught as Christian doctrine, irrespective of their moral or immoral character, just as the Mussulman,

good or bad, accepts the Koran. And the great majority, both of nominal Christians and Moslems, accept what is taught them, without question or scrutiny. Hence, the necessity of urging men to inquire for themselves what is true and what is right.

I have shown, I think, that to call the prophet of Nazareth "Christ" is to misuse that epithet by giving it a meaning entirely at variance with its proper and primitive one. The derivative word "Christian" also is currently used in two senses diverse from each other, and thus misleading and injurious.

We learn from the census tables not only the amount of population but the number and population of the devotees of each religion. There are said to be 1,200 millions of the world's population, and of these 390 millions are called Christian. Less than one-third of them, perhaps 110 millions, are Protestants, and these Protestants consider the Christianity of the Greek and Roman churches seriously defective, in regard both to faith and practice. The Protestants in the United States number thirty millions; but of these only nine millions are church members or communicants, assumed to be regenerate persons, that is Christians in the sense declared to be the only correct one by the clergy and the churches. Ask an Orthodox minister how many Christians there are in his town or his congregation, and his answer will show only from one fourth to one-eighth part of the number of the people. But in the census the whole congregation and the whole town are counted as Christians. The seller of intoxicants here, the merchant who sends rum to Africa, the ship-master who carries it, the sailors who distribute it, the malefactors in jail or on their way to it, and the mass of respectable people who either stay away from church on Sundays or go there because others go, without thinking or caring what is taught there, all are classed as Christians in the census, although the ministers and the church-members declare them unfit to be so called. Yet, when the amount of present prevalence of Christianity and the prospect of its ultimate predominance are in question, those same ministers and church members unscrupulously quote the millions of the census as deciding the point in their favor.

It is certain that for the last fifty years, and especially for the last ten years, research into theology and religion have convinced more and more people that the prophecies above quoted remain unfulfilled, that no such Christ as Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel predicted has appeared, and that consequently the application of that term to Jesus of Nazareth is an error; doubly an error, since it not only mistakes his character and function, but tends to obscure that work, far greater and better than Messiahship, which he really accomplished, namely, the teaching (in such a manner as to make it believed) that God is indeed a Father to the whole human family, truly loving each son and daughter, and welcoming each to direct communion with Himself, with no need of introducer, mediator or intercessor.

If now all who hold this view will adapt their language to it, and not say Christ when they mean Jesus, and if, when they pray, they will dare to ask for their own sakes the things that a child needs from his Father, instead of asking them for the sake either of the actual Jesus or the mythical Christ, the theological atmosphere will be greatly cleared, and room made for progress in true and rational religion.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

"The good are better made by ill;
As odors crushed are sweeter still."

Correspondent.

DEAR UNITY:—The New Year Sunday of the Boston Society for Ethical Culture, Mrs. Bisbee, teacher, was made unusually happy and elated by the news from Tacoma of the inauguration of the "First Free Church of Tacoma." The minister and people have gone and done what will prove the very best incentive to hundreds of societies which are almost persuaded to go and do likewise. Their movement reminds me of a manifesto you printed some time ago with which I was so much pleased that I have preserved a copy of it in my book of permanent records. I wish you would keep it in your columns as a standing notice and inspiration. It is so good that I take pleasure in transcribing it as follows:

"WHAT UNITY IS TRYING TO DO."

UNITY is a weekly paper devoted to the dissemination of the principles of Natural and Universal Religion based on reason and the instincts of trust and aspiration in the human heart; in harmony with the latest discoveries of science and taking the whole of nature and history for its domain. It aims to develop both the rational and reverent sides of man's being, to promote the spirit of truth, to enlarge the bounds of human fellowship and sympathy in religion and to enlighten the conscience. It believes the time has come for the establishment of a new type of religion of Universal aim and spirit as distinct from any special forms of faith of either sect or race—a religion that welcomes every true aspiring soul to its fellowship of whatever age, creed or country."

Although as we know the Unitarian denomination is marching in front of all other Christian churches, it has not reached the heights of untrammeled reason and freedom. It still holds some slack allegiance to prescription and supernaturalism. As the Tacoma circular recites: "It is obvious that the denominational name Unitarian, cannot describe adequately the undenominational character of a church planted on a foundation broader than Christian, broader than Unitarian, namely, Human":

"A church planted on the eternal and indestructible basis of human nature itself, in which the theist and the atheist, the materialist and the spiritualist, the believer and the disbeliever can stand together" to improve the condition of this present world is not so impracticable as it may seem to be; but it requires broadness and height and depth to start one. We congratulate the Tacoma Free Church and bid them persevere in spite of the prejudice against anything so novel. What a glorious evolution awaits the religious establishments in this world of ours, where poverty, ignorance, disease, sensuality and selfishness are waiting to be abolished by genius, enterprise, talent, wealth, now invested in ostentation, pomp and vain glory.

In congratulating the UNITY on its going up higher than any religious periodical in its ethical aspiration, we mean no disrespect to the Unitarian Body which, like all large bodies, moves slowly and cautiously. Dr. Lowell and Dr. Frothingham, Dr. Noyes and Dr. Ware, Theodore Parker and Adin Ballou, the *Christian Examiner* and *Register* have nourished many a soul that has outgrown their limitations.

The National Conference, as the Tacoma Circular demonstrates, is logically, though not intentionally, averse to Parkerism and a Free Church, but they who occupy higher ground may not be half as able and energetic as the devotees of the older faiths, but surely their conditions are more favorable for reforming the world. Just as sincerely as the Unitarian believes in the superiority of his religious views to those of the Presbyterian, in the light of reason and effectiveness, so the sympathizers with the UNITY feel the superiority

of its standpoint compared with the *Unitarian*. We rejoice in the simplicity and grandeur of the aim of a society to be "the pursuit of truth, the exercise of love and the realization of moral ideals."

It requires a great deal of ability and character to consummate such an end and aim, but it is a far worthier one than that of the credal and ritual churches. Though not wholly lost sight of in the past, it has never been the dominating one. Joy to the world that it is beginning to be prominent. Yours for good conduct,

W. G. BABCOCK.
DORCHESTER, MASS.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—I have read with interest the brief communication from your correspondent Jefferson. He says, referring to the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the "Holy Trinity" case.

"We suppose all sensible persons will regard the opinions of the most eminent of the founders of the republic, George Washington, as far better authority than the "court" referred to." I am afraid that there are a good many sensible persons who cannot agree with "Jefferson" on that point. I wish all your readers could carefully read that decision of the highest court in the land. It marks an epoch in our history and it shows the gravity of the situation which liberal people are called to confront. That court has declared in unmistakable terms that this is a "Christian Country." Against that decision, I regret to say, the individual or official judgment of George Washington or any other father of the republic, can carry no weight.

We all know the opinions of the founder of the nation respecting the matter of slavery. We know the judgment of the signers of the Declaration regarding human equality. But in its effect upon the destiny of the colored man in this country, the Dred Scott decision outweighed them all. In simple truth we have not yet won the fight for a purely secular government. Abundant evidences are accumulating that show that the advocates of a "Christian" government are slowly but surely gathering their forces for a final struggle for the establishment of their theory. We can not deny that the recent decision rendered by Judge Brewer is a tremendous victory in their behalf. That decision cannot affect the Sunday opening question, of course, because the possible legal aspects of that question can only be dealt with by the authorities of the state of Illinois. But it will color the decisions of the State courts. It will give an altered tone to all their judgments respecting indictments for "blasphemy," "Sabath desecration," and the like.

As Unitarians we are apt to overestimate the kind and quantity of the work done in liberalizing the evangelical denominations. We have grown careless as we have grown optimistic. The courage and liberality of a few such men as Prof. Briggs and Prof. Smith have tended to deceive us as to the range and influence of liberal and religious thought. If we will read Bishop Coleman on the limits of religious discussion, in the *North American Review*; if we will contemplate the picture of the harmless, pious and honest old men in Tennessee, who are working with common criminals on the roadside because they believe in the binding character of the fourth commandment, we shall be shocked into sobriety of judgment concerning the reach and influence of liberal thought.

Whatever minor differences of opinion may prevail among liberals, the time has come when we should all work together to establish on a solid foundation our secretly imperiled right to be liberals at all. As Franklin said when signing the declaration:

"We must all hang together or we shall all hang (metaphorically) separately."

Very truly yours,
JOHN SNYDER.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Study Table.

The under-mentioned books will be mailed postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

Rhode's History of the United States.*

So many of our histories have stopped short of the period at which this begins that this is the more welcome. It is a good book without being a great one. It is extremely interesting and the style is clear and strong. It is more of a political history than any we have had before; not in the larger but in the smaller sense—a history of presidential and other elections and of the interests and passions leading up to them. As a constitutional history less valuable than Von Holst's, it is much more entertaining; with much more emphasis than that upon the personal elements involved. An introductory chapter of about a hundred pages emphasizes the bias of slavery on the course of history during the first half of the century, and so prepares us for the conflict of the decade from 1850 to 1860. A remarkably interesting chapter is that on the general subject of slavery in the South. Some things are brought out very strongly; as, for example the moral relaxation following the compromise measures of 1850; the disinclination of many anti-slavery men to disturb those measures. Daniel Webster's part in them is qualified by the writer's great admiration of that statesman. But his ability to help him is not equal to his disposition. Mr. Rhode's sympathies are wholly with the anti-slavery party but in such a way that we may doubt whether they would have been had he been politically active in those troubled times. His book is something of an Eirenecon. He has a good word, when it is possible, for those whose principles he reprobates, and he can be critical of the taste and temper of Sumner and Parker and other men of his own side.

Those who were in the thick of the fight will fail to find the spirit of it here as they remember it. The narration will seem pale and cold compared with their recollections. Especially unpalatable to some of those partisans whose memories are conveniently short will be the comparison of the Republican temper of 1856 with that of 1860, when already the spoils of office attracted many whom the anti-slavery spirit had found indifferent. The pledges made in advance of Lincoln's nomination are in refreshing contrast with Mr. Cleveland's independence, but it is good to know that those pledges were made for Lincoln and not by him. Another fact, too generally forgotten, is clearly brought out—that the Republican party of 1856 and 1860 cordially accepted the compromises of 1850, the Fugitive Slave Bill included, and slavery in the District of Columbia, while there were many, headed by Horace Greeley, who were ready to throw over Seward and Lincoln and take up with Stephen A. Douglas and his squatter-sovereignty platform as the half-loaf that was preferable to no bread.

An extremely interesting feature of Mr. Rhodes's book is the attention paid to the influences on the great controversy coming from men outside of politics, and especially from Channing and Parker. Garrison gets more appreciation than heretofore from writers occupying the political standpoint, but too little for his infusion of

*History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850. By James Ford Rhodes, Vols. I, II, 1850-1860. \$5.00. New York: Harper & Bros.

an uncompromising anti-slavery spirit into the Republican party, biding there its time, when it would force the emancipation policy upon the President's reluctant hand. Mr. Rhodes's reading has been wide and careful, and his notes confirm the impression of the text in this particular. The book is carefully printed but some errors have been overlooked. Samuel May is mentioned several times where Samuel J. May is intended. Once, at least, he gets his characteristic initial. It would make less difference were there not a Samuel May also, another anti-slavery preacher, who is still living in a green and invincible old age (he was born April 11, 1810), who has laurels enough of his own and who if he had n't any would not rob his cousin of a single leaf.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

A Young Knight Errant. Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepherd, \$1.25.

Looking at the already long list of Mr. Adams' books printed on the title page of his latest, one is tempted to ask, "Will he never stop?" Sometimes it seems strange that many wonder how he can write so voluminously and apparently with so little effort. The explanation is sufficiently clear. Given the regulation youthful hero as a starting point, together with a glib command of colloquial and nautical speech, and it can not be hard for a man of average imagination and talent, who knows what boys like—to invent a series of adventures through which, by various feats of powers and skill, the young hero may pass with great honor to himself, and humiliation to his adversaries.

The present book is, like its predecessors, full of startling incidents, interspersed with some items of information about distant places and things. It can not be classed with the objectionable dime novel, because the hero is an exceptionally moral young man, whose character and conduct are edifying in the extreme. But shipwrecks, detectives, revolvers and villains make the atmosphere of the tale lurid enough to suggest its relationship to less desirable literature.

A. G.

Wanderers. The poems of William Winter, New York: MacMillan & Co., 75 cts.

This beautiful little volume is uniform with three or four volumes of Mr. Winter's prose. It is not a cheerful book. It is quite otherwise than so. It is written almost wholly in the minor key and as it were in the valley and shadow of death. The poems are grouped under several heads and those under the head of "Tribute and Commemoration" make up the largest section of the book. In these Mr. Winter shows himself a master of the art of compliment, and a very tender memorialist of departed worth. He is the dramatic critic of the New York Tribune and many of these poems are addressed to those stars which shine upon the stage and they must have delighted the persons to whom they were addressed or have been most welcome to the friends of those whose fragrant memories they enshrine. Whatever the subject, the art of the poet is always careful and secure, and there are many stanzas, lines and phrases of great felicity, and some that have a penetrating charm. Those who have sorrows of their own, or who have a predilection for Virgil's "tears in things," will be specially attracted by the pathetic quality of Mr. Winter's verse.

The Little Sister of Wilifred. By A. E. Plympton, Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Like "Dear Daughter Dorothy" we think both Wilifred and her little sister rather unnatural children though we found it quite delightful to spend an hour in their company. Left at an orphan asylum, one is adopted by a wealthy physician, the other taken by a rough, uncouth woman. The experiences of these little twin sisters and their final coming together are woven into a very pretty story and the book is daintily illustrated by the author who certainly should know just how his dream children look.

B. C. R.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Bible Studies. By Henry Ward Beecher. Edited from stenographic notes of T. J. Ellingwood by Jno. R. Howard. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 438, \$1.50.

The Family Life of Heinrich Heine. New York: Cassell Publishing Company. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 355, \$1.50.

The Secret of Character Building. By John B. DeMotte, A.M. Ph.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 130, \$1.00.

Heath's English Classics. Select Speeches of Daniel Webster, 1847-1845. By A. J. George, A. M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 392, \$1.50.

Notes from the Field.

Western Unitarian Conference.—The adjourned meeting of the Board of Directors of the W. U. C. was held at 175 Dearborn street, on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 7. Present: Messrs. Effinger, Fenn, Hosmer, Jones, West, Miss Hultin and Mrs. Woolley. In the absence of President Shorey, Mr. Effinger was called to the chair. Secretary's minutes of the meeting of January 9 were read and approved. Treasurer Leonard, unable to be present, sent his monthly statement. The committee, consisting of the secretary and Mr. Van Inwagen, appointed at the last meeting to consider the advisability of removal from present Headquarters, reported through the secretary. After visiting several buildings, taking into account rent, location, and advantages now enjoyed, the committee recommended remaining in the present Headquarters, retaining for Conference uses the space hitherto sub-rented to Charles H. Kerr & Co. This enlarged accommodation while already needed for the uses of the Conference and associated interests, is especially to be desired for this year of the World's Fair. The recommendation was adopted and the Executive Committee were instructed to carry it into effect. The present lease expires May 1, and can be renewed at an advance of \$60 for the year. This makes a total rental of (\$5.00 x 12) \$1,020.00 for the year, exclusive of the janitor's service.

Mr. Jones called attention to the subject of desk-room hitherto used by UNITY, under the change thus to be made, suggesting two arrangements, either of which would presumably be acceptable to the Unity Publishing Committee: (1) the payment of a fixed rental, to be agreed upon by the Executive Committee of the Conference and the representatives of UNITY, and all advertising in UNITY by the Conference and allied organizations to be paid for; or (2) the continuance of the mutual courtesies hitherto existing. Cordial approval of the latter arrangement was expressed.

There was some discussion of the annual program, the committee upon which, as appointed by President Shorey, is composed as follows: the Secretary, Messrs. Leonard, Grothers, Fenn and Jones. In reply to a communication received some time since by the Secretary from All Souls Church, Chicago, reporting the vote of said church to instruct its delegates at the next annual meeting to work for the rescinding of the so-called Supplementary Resolution, the following resolution, offered by Mr. Fenn, was adopted:

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to acknowledge the receipt of the communication from All Souls Church, and to assure the church that at the next meeting of the Conference ample time will be provided for the full consideration of the question in the regular order of business.

Adjourned.

F. L. HOSMER, Sec'y.

Chicago.—The regular meeting of the Chicago branch of the W. W. U. C. was held at the Third Unitarian church, February 2d, the president, Mrs. Dow, in the chair. After the secretary's report was read and approved, Mrs. Perkins moved that the chair appoint committees upon programs and nominations; carried. Mrs. Gane spoke of the "Congress of Representative Women," to be held in Chicago the coming year, and of the invitations extended to the different societies. She desired all to join in one association as Unitarian women. Mrs. Perkins gave an account of the "Religious Congress" to be held next September, and ways and means were discussed of uniting with other societies in the religious congress. Mrs. Woolley moved that it was the sentiment of this society that the W. W. U. C. unite with the National Alliance and the Pacific Coast Association in the congress of Unitarian women to be held in May under the auspices of the Congress of Representative Women, and that the president and secretary act as a committee on arrangements; carried. The president then reported the following names: For program committee, Mesdames Woolley, Solomon, Gould, West, and Stafford; for nominating committees, Mesdames Blake, Candee, and Wilkinson. A paper on "Progressive Orthodoxy," was then given by Mrs. Ball. A quiet discussion followed in which Miss Hilton, Mrs. West, Mrs. Woolley and others took part. A cordial invitation was extended from the ladies of Oak Park to meet with them in April. The meeting then adjourned.

MRS. HORACE H. BADGER, Sec'y.

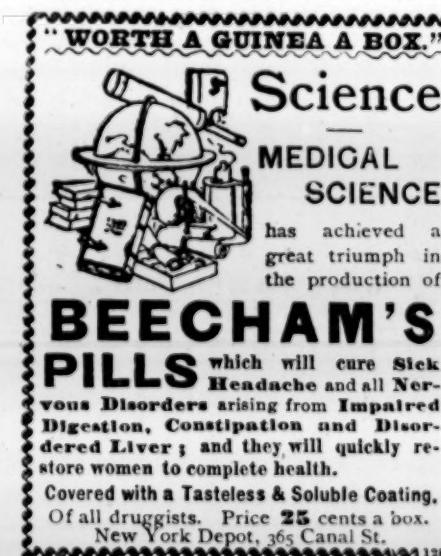
—A statement of Sunday-school problems occupied the time of the recent Branch Alliance meeting at Unity Church, Thursday, Feb. 9th. The papers by Mrs. Furness, Mrs. West and Mrs. Long, presented many topics of vital interest and the animated discussion that followed showed the deep and general interest in the subject. Reports of special activities were made and a pleasant social hour followed the literary program.

Bloomington, Ill.—Rev. J. H. Mueller, recently of Sheffield, Mass., was installed over the First Unitarian Society on Thursday evening, February 9. Supper was served in

the dining-room below and a pleasant social hour was spent by the congregation and outside friends. The services in the church began at 8 o'clock. The special music was by a male quartette and was finely rendered. Mr. Duncan, the State secretary, had charge of the services, opening them with prayer and the reading of Scripture. The sermon was given by Mr. Feun, of Chicago, and was a strong and inspiring presentation of the "Church of Man" in its aids and influences to the upbuilding of nobler manhood and womanhood, the church toward which the auspicious signs of our time all point. Mr. Hosmer, of Chicago, offered the installing prayer. Prof. Metcalf, of the congregation, welcomed the new minister, and in fit and feeling words installed him in the name of the society. Mr. Forbush, of Chicago, gave the fellowship of the churches, and the address to the people. Mr. Mueller closed the unusually impressive services with the benediction. Rev. J. L. Jones, who had been asked to take part, was prevented by previous engagement. Mr. Mueller is a graduate of Yale Divinity School and comes to his new work from his recent pastorate over the (Trinitarian) Congregational church in Sheffield. We are glad to welcome him into fellowship of our western field.

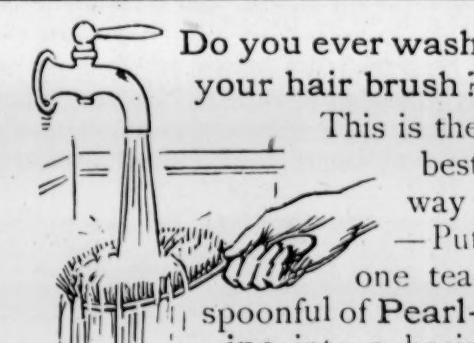
Millbury, Mass.—Rev. Nathaniel Seaver was installed as minister of the First Unitarian Society on Wednesday evening, Feb. 1. Rev. George W. Kent offered the installing prayer, Rev. John Cuckson gave the sermon, and Rev. Calvin Stebbins extended the fellowship of the churches. Revs. J. A. Chase, A. S. Garver, and Grindall Reynolds also took part in the service. An original hymn (by Mr. Seaver) added to the attractive program.

Haverhill, Mass.—Rev. James E. Bagley has just gone to Europe for a few months of necessary rest and change, his society having kindly granted him leave of absence. Mrs. Bagley will have charge of the pulpit during his absence.



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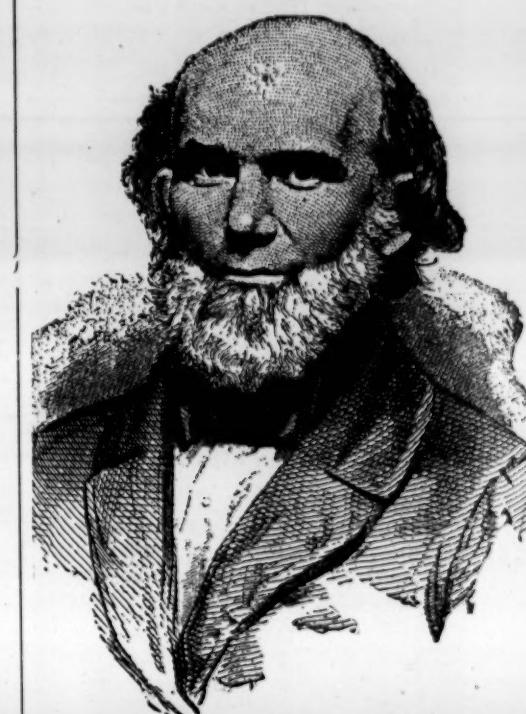
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The passenger winks, and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train.

At eight p. m. the next train starts
For the Poppy land afar,
The summons clear falls on the ear:
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

But what is the fare to Poppy land?
I hope it is not too dear,
The fare is this, a hug and and a kiss,
And it's paid to the engineer!

So I ask of Him who children took
On His knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight."

"Keep watch on the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear,
And special ward O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."
—Edgar Wade Abbot, in, Christian Union.

"Thy Task."

The day was warm and weary, and I was sick at heart. My fellow-men despised me. I had labored long and without success. Even hope left me and I could not toil. Wearily I wandered forth, neglecting my duty, and found myself in the heart of the wood. The sun glistened on the bright, green leaves. But the shade was cool and sweet. The summer air kissed the moving branches and they whispered their joy in mellow tones of love. The little birds, God's mouthpieces to speak the eternal joy, were warbling forth their summer song. I lay my head upon the leaves and fell asleep. And as I slept I dreamed. The great city spread about me. Noise and tumult everywhere. And the men and the women and the children went hurrying by. Their faces were worn and sad. One carried a great roll of papers, and his face showed that his brain was tried. And one came slowly along, carrying his dinner-pail, so tired he could not hasten. And a woman passed, bearing her child in her arms, and the child slept. And another came with a great load of sticks. And on they came. And I wondered why they were so weary. And as I wondered, God's angel was with me.

And I asked: "Why do these people look so weary?"

And the angel answered: "Work."

"But," I asked, "Why need they work?"

And he said: "To live."

"But," I said, "they seem almost to die."

He said: "Nay, this is life."

I asked again: "Why?"

He said: "This is God's way."

"And I said: "Cruel God. Why does he not give them to rest?"

And the angel said: "Nay! God is love, he makes men to work because he loves them. He gives men

rest when they have worked. He gives them homes and love and joy through work; his only way."

"But," I said, "what of those who fail?"

And he said: "None fail."

"But," I said, "some of these have no home or joy, or are not loved."

And he said: "They will sleep to-night, and in the morning heaven's breath will fill them with joy. And they have their friends."

"But," I said, "they are not happy."

"No," he said, "because they love not one another, and because they do not work together for the noblest ends of life."

And I said: "What are they?"

And he answered: "Truth, Beauty and Love."

I asked: "Why do they not work for these?"

And he answered: "Because they do not know."

And I said: "How shall they know?"

And he said: "They must see these things in others."

And I said: "Who will show them?"

And he said: "You can."

And the angel vanished and the throng went moving on.

And I awoke. And the breeze was sighing in the trees and the birds were singing in the swaying boughs and the little brook went singing by my feet.

And the breeze sighed "Thy task."

And the birds sang "Thy task."

And the brook, hastening on to the sea, echoed and re-echoed "Thy task, thy task."

And a squirrel came and looked at me and hastened on, and I heard him call "Thy task."

And I arose, for the sun was still high, and hurried back to my duty; and I labored hard till the sun was set, and I was glad, for I knew why I worked, and that it was God's way, for "hitherto he worketh," and we are his children.—Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, in the Pacific Unitarian.

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